

"Oooh, wasn't that fun?" River asks, positively bouncing into the TARDIS.

"Fun?" The Doctor stares at her. "Fun? Oh, well, maybe, if you think running for your life as an entire army of beings who'd be glad to see you dead is a thrill that shouldn't be missed of an afternoon, but otherwise, no, it was extremely not fun."

"Fine then," she says airily. "Be Mister Grumpy Face. Never have a real experience in life. It's not even worth getting up if you can't get the adrenaline pounding at least once. Might as well stay in bed."

"I am not being Mister Grumpy Face!" he says loudly. "I am being a sensible individual."

"Are you very angry with me?" she pouts, and blast it, she's young enough that it still looks quite fetching, still in her early twenties. He won't let that distract him - he's an immovable object and she's not an irresistible force.

"Yes, I am," he insists.

"Well, then, Doctor," she tells him, "only one solution for that. You'd better punish me."

"I will," he says. "I'll...figure out something."

"I think you should turn me over your knee and paddle me," she purrs as he works up a good fume.

"I could...what?" He gulps as her words sink in. "You're a grown woman. That doesn't seem like a very adult way to settle things."

"Trust me, Doctor," she says in a husky voice. "It can be very adult." She sidles up to him and walks a slow circle around him, letting her body brush against his. "I really think you'll have to punish me for my abhorrently awful behavior. There's absolutely no chance that I did it on purpose. Definitely I won't do it again if I'm let off the hook."

"You did it on purpose?" His voice almost squeaks.

"I know," she says with sympathy in her voice. "Wasn't that just awful of me."

"We could have both gotten killed!" he shouts, but he can't deny the effect her proximity has on him, or the allure of her suggestion. He's lived with River for more than half her life now and it's certainly made him more adventurous - even Vastra can hardly make him blush. They've played with paddling before, with restraint and even mild pain, but he never knew they started this early, and it's always been recreational,

never a punishment. Oh, how shocked he was the first time she pulled out her box of toys, though of course, for her, it was nothing new. He's frustrated with her now - surely bending her over and having his way with her will be a welcome release for that tension. She's always responded well to suggestions made in bed, like "Try not to lure an army into chasing us" and "Oh yes, lower". No harm in trying, anyway.

"To your room," he says sternly. "Take off your clothes and lie down on the bed."

Her eyes gleam. "Face up or face down?"

"Face down," he tells her.

"Ooh, I won't like that at all," she says happily.

"Go," he commands, and she traipses off down the corridor. He slouches into one of the comfy chairs, shifting to accommodate his erection. He'll give her a few moments to shed her clothes and position herself. The anticipation is too delicious. He imagines what he'll see when he walks into her room: her curls spilling over the pillow as she turns to look at him flirtatiously, the gorgeous curve of the small of her back, the swell of her backside, the smooth strong backs of her legs and arms. How many hours has he spent tracing the planes of her muscles and the curves of her hips and thighs? Not enough. Never enough.

When he can't possibly wait any longer (he's been absolutely ages, most of an hour, he tells himself, though he knows it's only been ten minutes), he pushes himself out of the chair and makes his way down the corridor, making sure his footsteps are heavy enough that she can hear them. He likes this; it gives him a delightfully naughty feeling, combining work and play this way, if what they do can be described as work.

He pauses before he walks into her room, testing himself against his desire. He takes a deep breath and enters: she looks even more gorgeous than he imagined, arms and legs spread across the bed and a promise in her eyes that makes him shiver. Her tattoo almost gleams on her left shoulder as she nestles into the blankets. The TARDIS was kind enough to provide River with a bed with a slatted headboard, perfect for handcuffing somebody to, and enough bits and bobs around the bed that she had no trouble finding somewhere to add velcro cuffs.

"Cuff your left hand," he tells her, crossing his arms. She reaches over, slowly and lazily, and straps the thing around her wrist. He steps over and secures her right hand to the bed and looks her over.

"This just won't do," he says. "Where's that bit of foam rubber, the wedge?"

"Under the bed with the rest," she says obediently.

"What sort of angle did you think that gave me?" he scolds her. "I need that rump of yours up in the air. Do you want my arm to get tired?"

"Sorry about the inconvenience," she murmurs. She'll probably make him pay for that later. He'll probably enjoy it. Give and take turns out to be a wonderful thing. He finds the wedge in her drawer of accessories and taps her hip. She carefully gets up onto her knees, straining against the bindings on her wrist, and he slips the wedge under her. Now she's an even prettier picture, completely at his mercy, her legs spread by the way the foam rubber lifts her hips. Her backside is just begging for the flat of his hand, and the way her thighs are tensed and her knees are braced against the mattress, he can see her folds and the curls that surround them, the sight of which sends at least half his blood straight to his nether regions. Her breasts are pressed into the rumpled covers underneath her, but he can see the swell of them at her sides, and that pleases him too.

"And there we are," he says to himself, gazing at her. "You've been extremely bad, River Song. Creating mayhem for the sake of what, a nice rough shag? You could have had that anyway and you know it. You didn't have to nearly get us both killed. Not everyone gets the wicked little thrill out of that that you do, you know."

She makes a derisive sound. "I've seen you pull a stunt like that half a hundred times already."

"Exaggerating?" He spanks her hard with his palm and she hisses and narrows her eyes at him. "You know better than that. And what a lot you have to look forward to."

"Spoilers," she says.

"Quite right," he tells her and gives her another whack. Her hips jump in response. She's got a nice little pair of pink marks now. "But you didn't answer my question, did you?" Another smack, and he's really enjoying this now, the way her skin warms under his hand and she lets go with those little moans and bites her lip. He'll make her scream later, yes he will. He's not sure why it took her so many years to train him up to this, but it was worth it. He could use the leather-covered paddle that she keeps under the bed with the rest of her toys, give her a really good thump, but this time he's going to use his hands. He likes the intimacy of it. He feels the sting in his own skin and the impact rings through his bones as well as hers.

"Which was what?" Her voice is just a bit strained - lust and discomfort and the angle she's at, he thinks, but she's holding up. She'll tell him if anything's too much.

"All of this for a shag, I asked," he says.

"Certainly not," she tells him. "That was a happy side effect. I did it to keep you on your toes."

He gives her a good smack for that. "Getting old, am I? Just an old man, too decrepit to save the universe? So you're out to save me from myself?"

"I'm out to save you from them," she says with her face pressed into the pillow. "You are a rather old man, though. A dirty old man." She winces cheerfully as he spansks her again, her eyes bright.

And who made him that way? He laughs to himself, thinking of the years it took her to get him to shed his clothes without ten minutes of dithering. "A dirty old man, yes, that's exactly what I am. And you're at my mercy, River Song, so what will you do about it? You're a bit tied up at the moment, I think, makes the running difficult." He spansks her twice, just for emphasis.

She groans. "Does the punishment have to involve puns?"

"You can't have one without the other," he tells her. Another light swat makes her grin. "You've got me on my toes, I've got you on your knees - which of us came out of that better?"

"Depends on your point of view," she says, wriggling herself at him. "Aren't we full of wit and whimsy today?" he asks. "That's an extra stroke for you." He spansks her three times in quick succession this time, then bends to reach into the drawer under the bed. The paddle's irresistible: he weighs it in his hand and then gives her a couple of good whacks, his other hand flat against the small of her back, feeling the way her muscles flex and her breathing changes. The leather makes a beautiful sound against her skin and he can see she likes the jolt of the paddle. If this is what she wants, he's glad to give it to her. After all, he enjoys it too, in a strange way. He switches the paddle to his left hand - a little awkward, but he can manage - and slides his right hand over the curve of her backside and down the inside of her thigh until he can part her folds with his fingers. He can see the gleam of moisture on her tender skin; she's so wet that when his fingers slide into her, he groans at the heat and slickness of her.

"Oh, yes," she breathes.

"Just wait," he tells her. It's almost a wrench to pull his fingers out of her, since what he wants to do now is thrust into her over and over until she's gasping and writhing all over the bed, but this is a punishment, and all he does is stroke the spot that drives her absolutely mad a few times and draw his fingers out again. He changes the paddle back to his right hand and smacks her with it, timing it against the pitch of her moans, judging

when she's ready for another stroke, making sure she doesn't get too tender. Her skin is very pink when he stops, and they're both sweating a little. He's almost painfully aroused: the sight of her, the sound of her, the feel of her, and the smell of her skin never fail to pique his interest, and here she is laid out for him like a gift. He runs his hands possessively over the back of her thighs.

"Going to do that again?" he asks her. "The little trick with the electronic relays and the communication devices and the pitting two armies against each other with us in the middle?"

"Was that all?" she asks, shifting a little on her knees.

"Not by half," he says sternly. "For my next act, I'm going to take exactly what I want from you." As if it isn't exactly what she wants as well, but it's all part of the game. He drops the paddle at the foot of the bed and tugs off his bowtie. She watches him undress. He makes a little show of not noticing as he strips off his clothes and throws them over the little loveseat the TARDIS has furnished her with (site of happy future memories for her, he thinks). The wedge isn't quite tall enough for his purposes, so he undoes one of her cuffs, without talking to her, and motions to her to change positions on the bed, so she's across it the short way. He buckles her free wrist into the cuff that ought to hold her ankle (fortunately the strap is just long enough) and sets her back up on the wedge. She's stretched out now, not past her limits but without much mobility. He puts one knee on the bed slowly, making sure she can feel the pressure of his leg against the inside of her thigh, and flattens one hand over the radiantly warm skin of her backside, reddened from the strokes of the paddle. With the other hand, he parts her folds and pushes in.

It's all he can do to contain himself, to not lose himself immediately in the glory of her body, but he keeps his thrusts slow and steady at first. If she wants a rough night of it, he'll give her gentle, at least for now. He likes flummoxing her expectations. Still, he can't help groaning at the incredible pressure and friction of her, the slick slide of smooth heated skin. He splays the fingers of one hand and pushes slowly it down her back. It makes it all the better that she can't move enough to push her hips back against him: she's under his control.

The thought sends a shiver through him and he speeds up a bit. She's usually had the upper hand in their relationship. She's known more of their story, lived more of their shared adventures. It's been off putting to find oneself nearly naive at the age of nearly a thousand. But now she's bound, subject to his whims, and he can't deny it's exciting. She moans and he thrusts faster, his fingers sliding down to find the places that make her hips buck even though she's nearly immobile. She's over the edge almost before he's touched her, shouting his name with her face pressed hard into the blankets. Her shoulders shake as her wrists tug against her restraints. He feels the clutch of her muscles around him and

it drives him on. He keeps thrusting through her spasms, only half-heedful of her cries, but they're pleasure, not protest.

Every time they do this, he wonders why they didn't start earlier. Every time they do this, he knows exactly why: his world is narrowed to a brilliant, blinding singularity of pleasure where they're the only two beings in the universe and he's forgotten his duties and his debts. Oh, River, River, he thinks and then he realizes he's saying it too, calling her name like a mantra, and she turns her head to look straight at him and he's gone, as if the union of their bodies has generated enough force to drag him through into another universe where it's safe to do this always, to be only with her to the exclusion of all others in a place where love won't mean risking their lives. He owes her more than that. River always wanted to live dangerously.

"Ah," he says, and collapses on the bed next to her.

"Mmm," she agrees.

"Did you think you were done?" he pants. "I haven't given you nearly enough to think about yet." He rolls over with an effort and pushes himself up until he can turn and rummage through her drawer full of toys. He picks one that looks fairly in keeping with the normal spectrum of human anatomy, though slightly on the large side; she's definitely warmed up enough to handle it. He pushes it in and she makes a pleased little noise.

"Too much?" he asks.

"Oh, very nearly, sweetie," she said with a grin. "Keep going."

He slides up next to her; her body is shortened enough by the angle of the wedge that he can kiss her and handle the toy at the same time. She closes her eyes when she kisses him, which he finds endearing in such a lethal person. She opens herself to him in so many ways, as now, when she draws back and gazes into his eyes, sharing her pleasure and her enjoyment of the discomfort of being touched when she's already so sensitive, her body nearly overwhelmed already.

"You really ought to punish me more often," she tells him, taking a deep breath.

"Remind me," he tells her.

"I regret my actions terribly," she says demurely, but the high color on her cheeks and the hunger in her eyes say otherwise. "I'll certainly never do it again."

"You had better not," he says, and kisses her again. His wrist is aching a

bit from thrusting the toy into her at the angle that makes her moan the loudest, and he devotes himself to making her scream into his mouth. Her arms are still bound and he wishes he could reach to undo the cuffs, because he wants to feel her hands all over him, grabbing him, pulling him closer, desperate for his touch. He presses closer to her, lining up as much of their sweaty skin as he can, and maybe it's the salt that helps the conductivity between them, that makes her mere presence so electric, but he'll never be done wanting her. Every noise she makes sends vibrations all through him, like the ringing of the universe.

It doesn't take long to have her shaking in his arms again. She's overstimulated, wrung out, nerves firing alternate signals of agony and ecstasy; he can read it in the winces and flinches as he thrusts with the toy, but she bites at his lip, not letting him stop. Her body shudders all over and she makes a noise of actual pain as the toy hits the wrong spot.

"Easy," he says, pulling the toy out of her. "Easy." He rips open the closure on the cuff and releases her wrist, letting her free her other hand as he strokes her back. She rolls off the wedge, onto him and over him, grunting to herself.

"I must have been extremely bad," she says with satisfaction.

"We were nearly killed," he reminds her.

She waves her hand dismissively. "'Nearly' doesn't count. But we can run back and do it over if you'd rather, escape with a few more minutes to spare."

"Time doesn't work that way," he tells her. "You daredevil. I'm not supposed to let you get away with this nonsense. Your parents would be ashamed of me." He thinks about that. "In so many ways, so let's not talk about it."

"Oh, Doctor, what kind of person have you made me?" she says, yawning and stretching languidly.

"It's been a team effort," he tells her. "But you've always been the captain."

"You'd better salute next time you say that," she murmurs sleepily.

"Don't drift off," he says, yawning. "We've got to clean up."

"We'll make time," she tells him, and nuzzles in closer. He puts his arms around her, not quite able to stop smiling. Yes, they'll squeeze every second out of their time together, and it will never be enough, but he'll relish every minute that he can. At least he knows that this moment they're both at peace, satiated and not at odds, a rare and precious

occurrence. They can prolong it a little longer, he thinks, kissing her forehead. The universe can bloody well wait.